A

Funeral Poem,

Sacred to the

Immortal Memory of the Deceas'd

Sir CLOUDESLY SHOVEL, Kt.

Rear Admiral of *Great Britain*, and Commander in Chief of Her Majesties Fleets in the *Mediterranean*, &c.

In which is Inserted,

A Short Description of the Procession at his Interment in *Westminster-Abbey*.

By Will. Pittis, *late Fellow of* New-College *in* Oxford, *and Dedicated to his Disconsolate* LADY.

——*Quis te*, Palinure, *deorum*
Eripuit nobis? medioque sub Æquore mersit? Virg.

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To the Lady *SHOVEL.*

MADAM,

AS *Your* Ladyſhip *has been pleas'd to honour the following Copy of Verſes with your Encouragement and Approbation, when in* Manuſcript, *it cannot but make its Addreſs for the ſame Reception, now it comes forth in Print. If it appears in Publick later than ſome others, Your* Ladyſhip *will excuſe it, on Account of its coming to your Hands much ſooner in Private; and the Deference I pay'd to your* Ladyſhip's *Judgment, in not letting it ſee the Light, before your* Ladyſhip *and Friends had determin'd in its Favour.*

Great Men are very often great Sufferers by bad Poets; *and it has been more than once the Fate of the moſt Renowned Heroes, to have their Actions ſullied by unskilful Pens. This has been the Misfortune that has attended your* Ladyſhip's *deceas'd* Conſort, *whoſe Ineſtimable Qualities are of ſo inviting a Nature, as to call for all Hands and all Hearts to place them in their due Light, and induce the Meaneſt to attempt that Juſtice to his Memory, that cannot be done by thoſe who are diſtinguiſh'd by the Title of the moſt Exquiſite and Conſummate.*

Amongſt theſe, be pleas'd to admit the Condoleance *of a* Muſe, *whoſe Sorrows are as Sincere as they are Unartificial; and vouchſafe your* Ladyſhip's *Acceptance of a Poem, that makes ſome Pretenſions to a Pardon, for the ſake of its* Subject, *tho' it is inexcuſable for the manner of its being* handled.

The Garths *and* Addiſons, *the* Congreves *and* Rows, *that are Maſters of Merit themſelves, could beſt deſcribe in the Commendations of others, and the moſt Celebrated Writers ought to undertake the moſt Celebrated Subjects: But ſince theſe Gentlemen have thought fit to relinquiſh the* Praiſes of the Dead, *to make their Court to the* Living; *I muſt petition for Acceſs to the* Living, *for no other Reaſon, than that I bear along with me the Praiſes of the* Dead.

I might indeed follow the known Practice of other Modern Dedicators, and do Violence to your Ladyſhip's *Temper, by entring into the Recital of your Conjugal Affection, your Maternal Piety, your Diffuſive Charity, your Unexampled Probity, and all other Eminent Qualifications which your* Ladyſhip *has render'd more and more Illuſtrious, by being poſſeſs'd of them: But theſe,* Madam, *are Excellencies you would rather hear others applauded for, than your Self; and you dwell too much upon the Remembrance of what you have loſt, to ſhew the leaſt Concern for what you are ſo eminently poſſeſs'd of.*

What remains for me to apply to your Ladyſhip *for the Grant of, is, That your* Ladyſhip *will pardon the Interruption which I am now giving you, and for the ſake of the dear Perſon who is here commemorated for being unfortunately numbred among the Dead; excuſe the Imperfections of the Living, who had not treſpaſs'd, but to have the Honour of writing himſelf,*

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt Obedient and moſt devoted Servant,

Will. Pittis.

A

FUNERAL POEM, &c.

'TIS true! Great Loſſes for Amazement call,
And Words ſhould *fail* of courſe, when Heroes fall.
Since no Expreſſions our Deſpair can ſute,
And to lament him truly's to be mute,
Stupid amidſt the Preſſures of a Grief,
Denies Aſſiſtance, and diſclaims Relief.
Yet, who, but muſt the Wrongs of Fate accuſe?
Who but invoke the Guidance of the Muſe?
To ſpeak his Praiſes, and his Deeds proclaim,
Whoſe Life was one continu'd Tract of Fame.
Oh! more than Man, and of Superiour Soul,
Form'd to diffuſe its Worth, from Pole to Pole:
To make its Virtues, and its Labours known,
Where-ever Seas have ſpread, and Winds have blown;
Where-ever Rocks tremendous have appear'd,
Or Sailor with intrepid Breaſt has ſteer'd:
Accept the Fun'ral Rites thy Friends beſtow,
Thou drown'd in faithleſs Seas, and they in Woe.
Let others boaſt Nobility of Race,
And with mean Acts, exalted Birth diſgrace.
From humble, but from honeſt Parents ſprung.
Thou may'ſt demand Preheminence in Song.
And haſt unqueſtion'd Right to be preferr'd
Before a Vain, a Daſtard, Brainleſs Herd;
Who in their Equipage their Senſe expreſs,
And for their Country's Honour, *Dance* and *Dreſs*.
Such thy Beginning, ſuch thy Glorious Riſe,
Unknown to the Deluſive Baits of Vice,

Foreign to what from Foreigners we took,
The *Chart* thy *Tutor*, and the *Sails* thy *Book*;
Pitch the *Pulvil* perfum'd thy ſcented Hair;
Tarpaulin the Temptation for the Fair.
The *ſame*, through every Stage of Life thou'ſt run,
Thy Prince's *Favourite*, yet thy Country's *Son*.
True to the Throne, while Monarchs *juſtly* ſway'd,
Nor Laws, nor Rights, nor Properties betray'd.
But to a *Temperance* of *Zeal* provok'd,
When *Reaſon* was controul'd, and *Subjects* yok'd:
When *Perſecution* aim'd at Truth and Senſe,
And when *Religion* dwindled to *Pretence*.
None leſs from *Duty*'s ſtated Precepts *ſwerv'd*,
None better *govern'd*, and none better *ſerv'd*.
Taught from Experience, in Virtue's School,
Thoſe that know how to *Serve*, know how to *Rule*.
But, oh th'Inclemencies of hoſtile Skies!
See where this Watry Ruler Breathleſs lies;
That bore Great *ANNA*'s *Thunder* through the Main,
Vindictive to aſſert young *Auſtria*'s Reign!
See him in Death's Embraces Silence keep,
Entomb'd in Waves, and ſwallow'd in the Deep!
Near him unnumber'd Bodies take Repoſe,
And meaſure out the Lengths that Fate has choſe.
While his two Sons, their Widow'd Mother's Pride,
Forget their late Improvements by His Side.
With ſmiling Looks ſpeak *Narborough*'s fearleſs Race,
And ſhew the *Nymphs* the *Graces* in their Face.
As round this awful Preſence they reſort,
And take Him for *God Neptune*, with his Court.
Much had the Pious Wife and Parent pray'd,
That Bleſſings on their Heads might be convey'd.
That Winds and Seas might gently bear along,
The Pleaſure of Her Eyes, and of Her Tongue.
And in Her Children's and Her Husband's Life,
Preſerve the Parent, and protect the Wife.
Nor Winds nor Seas regard the Matron's Pray'r,
But all Her Luckleſs Vows are loſt in Air.

Stern

Stern Ocean rais'd its unrelenting Head,
And *Eolus* forſook his Mountain Bed.
Eager to blaſt her Wiſhes, and deſtroy
The Nation's Bulwark, and the Nation's Joy.
" Turn'd to the Weſt, ſhe from her Window cry'd,
" Why this long tarrying from his Widow'd Bride?
" Why not arriv'd, his Landing on the Shore?
" His Charriot Wheels not rattling at my Door?
" *Has he not ſped?* Has Fortune prov'd unkind?
" The Sea been faithleſs, or adverſe the Wind?
" It cannot be——his Genius muſt prevail,
" Fortune muſt ſteer his Courſe, and ſpread his Sail.
" The Wind and Sea muſt forward his Return,
" And He to my Embrace be ſurely born.
" Virgins, the Nuptial Bed with haſte prepare,
" That I may meet my conqu'ring Heroe there.
" Clasp'd in his Arms, be told of Wonders done,
" Of Schemes accompliſh'd, and of Dangers run.
" With him my former Wedlock's Pledges come,
" And bring their Father's ſhining Virtues home.
" Oh! may they gain his Honours with his Name,
" A *Narborough*'s Sons, deſerve a *Narborough*'s Fame.
Mean while the promis'd Bleſſings fled Her Sight,
The Stars ſhrunk in their Heads, and all was Night.
Darkneſs ſat brooding on the Work of Fate,
Sent down to puniſh an Ungrateful State,
That prides it ſelf in Victories obtain'd,
And boaſts of Conqueſts Heav'n alone has gain'd,
Who with its Arm Divine thoſe Wonders wrought,
They'd ne'er been Victories had Heav'n not fought.
Storms gather'd o'er the Deep and Billows roar'd,
No Lights were ſeen from Land and none Abroad,
No Soundings known, no Pilot for their Guide
Left to the Mercies of the Wind and Tide.
Here Rocks their rugged Aſpects threatning bore,
Their Shelves unſeen lay gaping near the Shore,
Ready to glut themſelves with coming Spoils
And in one Moment marr two Summers Toils.

Monſters with cruel Hearts and impious Hands
Near them frequented the Contiguous Strands.
Beaſts in the ſhape of Men, that waiting ſtood,
To murder thoſe ſhould 'ſcape the Rocks and Flood.
But, Oh! that dire Intention might be ſpar'd,
They from that Act of Horror were debarr'd,
The Waves prevented what the Brutes deſign'd
The Guilt ne'er reach'd their Hands that reach'd their Mind:
Deſpair, Confuſion, Death Triumphant reign'd.
All means of Help were try'd, no Help obtain'd.
Experience, Courage, Stratagem were loſt,
Unable to direct them to the Coaſt,
As ev'n Diſtinction fled the Pilot's Care,
Certain to die, uncertain where they were,
When driv'n upon a Rock the Veſſel ſtruck,
Planks flew, and Maſts and Rudder crack'd and broke,
Commanders, and commanded downward went,
And undiſtinguiſh'd Cries for Mercy ſent,
All Equals, and Aſſociates as they fell
The Signals of Diſtreſs their Funeral Knell.
Yet O Renown'd, though Fortune flies thy Call
And Thouſand Thioe in Seas lamented fall,
Though ſtrip'd upon the Beach thy Corps is laid,
Plunder'd by Men whom Beaſts themſelves upbraid.
In Fame's Eternal Liſt thy Name ſhall ſhine,
Theirs the Diſgrace and Shame, the Glory Thine.
The *Britiſh* Annals ſhall thy Juſtice tell,
And with thy Acts of Clemency ſhall ſwell.
All, all, ſhall thy Advent'rous Life relate,
Thy Courage and thy Zeal for *Albion*'s State,
Thy Reſtleſs Labour, and continued Care,
Factions to cloſe, and Breaches to repair,
Miſtakes to reconcile, and Wrongs redreſs,
With all the Offices of War and Peace.
As *Shovel*'s Name by coming Ages read,
Shall make the Living Emulate the Dead.
'Tis own'd, tho' thou had'ſt our Defence forſook,
We ſtill are ſafe in *Torrington* and *Rook*,

That

That *Leak* thy Poſt with Honour can maintain,
And under *ANNA*'s Empire keep the Main,
Conqueſts their Courage, and their Truth have prov'd,
They're brave like Thee, but not like Thee belov'd,
The Merchant's Hopes, the ſmiling Courtier's Dream
The Sailor's Idol, and the Soldier's Theme.
Was it for this, that *Narborough*'s Sword, thy Guide,
Thy Genius and Succeſs in Arms was try'd,
When thy young Hands with *Turkiſh* Blood imbrew'd,
Algier's that Neſt of murd'rous Theives, ſubdu'd?
For this, that thou at *Bantry* bold in Fight,
With *Aſhby* didſt aſſert *Britannia*'s Right,
Make Hoſtile Ships before her Streamers run,
Out-numbred by the Foes, but ne'er out-done?
For this, that thou at *Alderney* waſt ſeen,
The Guard, of Nations, and a threatned Queen?
Whoſe Conſort gath'ring Laurels from afar
Had to *MARIA*'s Counſels left the War.
When through the Deep the Fugitives were drove,
Who vainly for the Ocean's Empire ſtrove?
For this, that from Ten Thouſand Hazards freed
That with its miſſive Darts ne'er made thee bleed,
But ever would avoid thy awful Head?
Witneſs *Thoulon*, whoſe burning Towers atteſt,
Thy matchleſs Counſels, and thy dauntleſs Breaſt.
Whoſe Ships conſum'd, our Fleets preſerv'd declare,
Untouch'd by Danger, as untouch'd by Fear.
Forc'd to retreat, a Conqueror's thy Name,
The *Fire* thy *Patent*, and thy *Plea* the *Flame*.
Ah! was thy Guardian Angel fall'n aſleep,
To ſuffer thee to periſh in the Deep?
Was it diverted from its uſual Truſt,
To Faith, to Valour, and to Fame unjuſt.
That thou, almoſt in Port, muſt Breathleſs lie,
Like *Moſes*, *ſee the Promis'd Land and die*?
And in thoſe Floods be loſt in endleſs Night,
Where thou ſo oft maintain'dſt thy Country's Right?

Not that for thy Departure we ſhould grieve,
But rather joy that thou ſo long couldſt live.
In our Defence a Combatant arm'd,
And could'ſt ſo late go downward to the Skies.
Thy glorious Life to other's Life prefer'd,
Kings haſt thou ſav'd, and art with Kings Interr'd.
With Royal Pomp, magnificently laid,
Where our laſt Duty's to our Monarchs paid;
Where Duſt Imperial conſecrates the Dome,
And ev'n where *ANNA* (be it late!) muſt come.
As Officers of State thy Corps attend,
And Princely Honours, wait thy Prince's Friend.
Farewel bleſs'd Shade, with aged Honours crown'd
For Arts illuſtrious, and for Arms renown'd;
In ſhining Orbs, new purchas'd Glories take,
And ſeat thy ſelf by *Cavendiſh* and *Drake*:
With *Mimms* and *Narborough* look down and ſee,
How Prince and Country join in Tears for thee!
How comfortleſs thy Widow'd Spouſe remains,
And with thy Daughter tenderly complains!
As with her flowing Hair ſhe ſtrews the Ground,
And mourns two Conſorts in one Ocean drown'd.
Oh! may thy Genius, though thy Life is loſt,
Survive to fight our Ships, and guard our Coaſt:
That no *Fourbin* from *Dunkirk* may prevail,
But *Lisbon* Fleets beyond the Channel ſail.
No Privateers our Tranſports may moleſt,
Nor *France* bring in our Men of War to *Breſt*.
Nor *Engliſh* Ships, for want of Timely Aid,
In *Iriſh* Creeks their *Indian* Wealth unlade.
But Thou preſerve our Navies from the Foe,
And influence thoſe above, thou governd'ſt here below.

FINIS.